

Outfit

Drive-By Truckers

You want to grow up to paint houses like me
A trailer in my yard till you're twenty three
You want to be old after forty two years
Keep dropping the hammer and grinding the gears

Well, I used to go out in a Mustang, a 302 Mach One in green
Me and your Mama made you in the back and I sold it to buy her
a ring
And I learned not to say much of nothing so I figured you already know
But in case you don't or maybe forgot, I'll lay it out real nice and slow

Don't call what your wearing an outfit, don't ever say your car
is broke
Don't worry about losing your accent, a southern man tells better jokes
Have fun, stay clear of the needle, call home on your sister's birthday
Don't tell them you're bigger than Jesus, don't give it away

Five years in a St. Florian foundry, they call it Industrial Park
Then hospital maintenance and tech school just to memorize Frigidaire parts
But I got to missing your Mama and I got to missing you too
And I went back to painting for my old man and I guess that's what I'll always do

So don't try to change who you are boy, and don't try to be who you ain't
And don't let me catch you in Kendale with a bucket of wealthy-man's paint

Don't call what your wearing an outfit, don't ever say your car
is broke
Don't sing with a fake British accent, don't act like your family's a joke
Have fun, but stay clear of the needle, call home on your sister's birthday
Don't tell them you're bigger than Jesus, Don't give it away

Don't give it away